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ANOTHER

Original Canto

OF

K Spenser opp

SPENCER:

Design'd as Part of his FAIRY QUEEN, but never Printed.

Now made Publick,
By NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

Quantò rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere Verſu
Pantolabum Scurram?——— Hor.

LONDON;
Printed for JAMES ROBERTS near the Oxford-Arms in *Warwick-Lane*. M.DCC.XIV.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

OF

SIR JOHN EDGAR,

Declar'd as Part of his LETTER Query,

But never Printed.

Now made Public,

BY NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON:

Printed for James Roberts, in the Old-Bailey.

MDCC.XIV.

The PREFACE.

HE Canto *I lately publiſh'd having met with a very kind Reception; I found my ſelf oblig'd, partly in point of Gratitude, and partly by Promiſe, to ſearch among my Remains of Antiquity for ſome other Piece which might be inſtructive and entertaining. What lay moſt fairly preſented to my View, were two entire* Paſtorals *of Sir* Caleb Ironſide; *of which I formerly gave one* Stanza *as a* Specimen: *theſe I pitch'd upon to tranſcribe for the Preſs. But, as I was ſifting the whole Heap, in hopes to find ſomething of an agreeable kind to have accompany'd them, this* Canto *fell into my Hands, being ſo remarkably blotted and interlin'd that I could not forbear looking into it; otherwiſe it might eaſily have paſs'd all Notice: nothing of the Contents being to be diſcover'd without a cloſe Attention.*

Immediately upon peruſing the Argument, *I found it had ſome Relation to what I have already publiſh'd: and, as I endeavour'd to decypher it, I perceiv'd it contain'd a foregoing Part of that Narrative; tho, whether deſign'd as the immediately preceding One, I can't determine. This Overſight (which the candid Reader will excuſe, when he conſiders what Devaſtations Time generally makes in Manuſcripts of ſo long ſtanding) was the occaſion of the other* Canto's *appearing in the World firſt, and robbing the elder Brother of his Birth-right. Now, ſince the Caſe is ſo, I can only crave Pardon of the Reader for my Neglect; and with* Horace *ſay,*

——— Nunc retrorſum
Vela dare, atq; iterare Curſus
Cogor relictos. ———

I have this to advertiſe concerning the preſent Canto: *There are two or three Reaſons why it muſt not be expected to come up to the other in the Spirit and Strength of the Poeſy. Firſt, it was ſo obſcur'd by Blots and Eraſements, and in many places ſo totally deficient, that, according to the Example of other Editors, I was oblig'd ſometimes to make good the Senſe of the Author by a Supplement of my own. Secondly, the Beauties of this Allegory fall ſhort of the other; by the Ground-work of it not being capable of admitting that agreeable Contexture of Colours, and Variety of Flowers which furniſh out the Embelliſhments of the other Piece; where*

the Invention of the Poet has taken a larger Scope, and provided a greater number of moving Incidents.

But that which I am afraid will ſtand moſt in prejudice of this Canto, *is, that I can no where trace in it either Mr.* Spencer's *or Sir* Caleb's *Hand; it being ſtrangely confus'd by a motly Variety of ſcarce legible Characters. This may excuſably throw it under a Suſpicion of not being genuine. And all I can ſay in its Defence, is, that I believe Men of ſo diſtinguiſhing a Taſte as the* Ironſides, *would not have given it Sanction among ſuch valuable Memoirs, unleſs they had thought it a legitimate Offspring. I muſt own, that by thoſe few Lineaments which I diſcover in it, I am inclin'd to think them both written by the ſame Author, or at leaſt sketch'd out and delineated by him: It not ſeeming probable that any other Perſon would take the pains to trace the Thread of his Story upwards; eſpecially that Part of it which he had thrown by, as uſeleſs and foreign from the Purpoſe he afterwards deſign'd. This I ſay, to obviate the Criticiſms to which it might otherwiſe be liable; and as for what real Blemiſhes there are in it, I acquit Mr.* Spencer *of them, and take all upon my ſelf.*

But if any ſhould aſk, what neceſſity there was for my making that publick, which I know and confeſs to be imperfect: To theſe I anſwer, That tho there are ſome viſible Imperfections in theſe Poſthumous Works, yet I preſume they are not altogether without their Uſe; and that which we can't aſcribe to the refin'd Pen of Spencer, *may yet deſerve a Regard from the Curious of this Age, for that uncommon Novelty which it diſcovers in its Dreſs and Behaviour. And perhaps the Ruff and Farthingal, which the Muſe is dreſs'd in (tho now unfaſhionable) may ſet off her natural Graces with a becoming Simplicity.*

The paſſionate Fondneſs I have for this great Man's Writings, may be ſome Apology for my publiſhing any thing of his, tho ever ſo maim'd and deform'd: I am biaſs'd to believe ſome others may behold the leaſt Relique of him with the ſame Lover's Eye.

As for the two Paſtorals *above-mention'd, they ſhall come out the firſt convenient Opportunity: And I have now under my Hands a third* Canto, *carrying down the Hiſtory of the other two; but withal, ſo torn, mangled, and diſfigur'd, that till I can furniſh it out with proper Materials, I muſt defer the Publication of it; as*

——Spatiis excluſus iniquis.

and beg a favourable Acceptance from the Reader of theſe and all other my Endeavours.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

ANOTHER Original CANTO, &c.

Archimage *goes to* Faction's *House*,
Deep delved under Ground:
The Hag adviseth how he may
Fair Britomart *confound*.

1.

AY me! what aking Thoughts poſſeſs my Mind,
While *Britomartis* chaſt I ſtill purſew;
While thro Fate's darkſom Labyrinth I wind
My weary Steps in Paths yet trod by few,
Still keeping that fair Princely Flowre in view:
Somewhile my Sprite with thrilling Joy rebounds,
Sometimes with pungent Grief doth ſorely rew;
I feel the Smart when foul Reproach her wounds,
I joy, when her dread Might Fame's ſilver Trump reſounds.

2. Sith

2.

Sith ſhe from *Arthegall* did ſeparate,
The lovelieſt Knight that ever wielded Spear,
Who 'gainſt his *Paynim* Foes forth rode of late,
My Heart beats throbbing for that Maiden dear,
Leſt ſhe to Danger's Brink approach too near:
For, when old *Archimago* with his Art
Her ſingled thus perceived had full clear,
He ſtrait gan caſt about his bloody Heart
To forge, moſt Treachour-like, ſome black abhorred Part.

3.

All in the dead and gloomy Time of Night,
When Mortals, melted down with balmy Sleep,
Ly ſtretched forth; when ev'ry grieved Wight
His Care in ſoft Oblivion ſtrives to ſteep,
And damned Sprites alone their Revels keep:
Beſet with mighty Charms of magick Spell,
The *Wizard* turns his Thoughts both black and deep;
On *Hecate* calls, dread Soverain of Hell,
While at his noxious Verſe appearing *Phantoms* yell.

4. With

4.

With mutt'ring Words he murmur'd thrice aloud,
As oft the Earth thro all her Caverns ſhook;
Then his accurſed Head in cole-black Cloud
Thick-wrapping, thro the Night his Way he took,
And to the Pole-Star fixt his dreary Look:
The dapper Elves that haunt the ſilent Glade,
Retiring quick their merry Glee forſook,
And lay cloſe buried in the leafy Shade,
At his ſuperiour Powre and grieſly Shape affraide.

5.

And all as thro the mirkſom Sky he rode,
Upborn aloft upon his ſmoaky Carre,
Loud-ſhrieking Howlets from their dire abode,
With baleful Notes ſaluted him afarre;
And flitting Bats, that Night's Companions are,
Around his Charet play'd in gyrous Flight,
While thro the lampy Sky each twinkling Starre
Veiled with modeſt Shame its ſhiny Light,
And ſhrunk aback at this ſo foul deteſted Sight.

Til, having
He comen hath
A Goddeſs Heave
Of Rebel A
A Place ſuch Trait
Of *Satan*, Prin
And with her Sire
Here clad in ragged
Her Manſion ſhe

Mammon (they ſay)
Her Form, once fair, a
Of her adored
Captived with the
And thus in
Til Age and Ugli
Begetting al
Who all were to
And this from his

8. Down

8.

Down in a deadly Dale, deep, delved low,
Remote from all Acceſs of ſunny Ray;
Where kindly-breathing *Zephyrs* never blow,
Nor hapleſs Mortals bleſs the riſing Day,
The hideous *Beldame's* hateful Dwelling lay;
Yews and black Cypreſs planted were around,
Before the Door on either ſide the Way;
Near which a Fount of Blood with groaning Sound,
Forth-welling, alway dy'd with purple Flood the Ground.

9.

Anon, a diſmal Din of clanking Chains
Gan loud invade the *Wizard's* dauntleſs Ear,
And rufull Moan, as of poor Souls in Pains,
Howl'd thro the Cave, moſt horrible to hear;
As tho ſome grieffull Dungeon had been near:
So, entring in he found a foul Uprore
Of ſtarveling Wretches linked, that whilere
Had dight themſelves with iron Bolts full ſore,
And now conſtrain'd perforce of curſed *Faction's* Lore.

10.

A ghaſtly Villein in the Portal ſtood,
With Eyes deep-ſunken and thick matty Hair;
Whoſe hollow Cheeks, and Veins bereft of Blood,
Whoſe filthy ragged Robes far off declare
His luckleſs Plight, and ſorrowful ill Fare:
With wooden Shoes his caytive Feet were gaul'd,
And for his Food he ſtinking Garlick bare;
A baſe poor Man, who *Famine* right was call'd,
Who hoarſe thro Begging was, yet alway begg'd and baul'd.

11.

Within, amids that meagre ſlaviſh Crew,
The *Furies* dealt their Blows yfraught with Ire;
Laden with Vengeance here and there they flew,
Brandiſhing round their Whips of knotted Wyre,
The whiles their Ey-Balls ſtruck forth Sparks of Fire:
Some Racks, ſome wielded Swords of ſanguin Blade,
Some Torches ſhook, whoſe Flames wide-flaking dire
A dreadful Gleam ſent thro that dreary Shade,
Which by ſuch helliſh Light more diſmal ſad was made.

12. So

12.

So *Rome* her cruel *Inquiſition* keeps,
The bloody Slaughter-Houſe of holy Men;
Where, nor by Night nor Day bleak Envy ſleeps,
Ne ſuff'reth Comfort to approach her Pen,
Or Pitty once to come within her Ken;
But Wheels and Gibbets, Enginry of Death,
And pois'ning Cups do furniſh out her Den;
Where Freres and Monks ſwarm round, that it uneath
May ſeem 'mongſt them to live and draw in vital Breath.

13.

Yet, theſe nought fearing, *Archimago* paſt
Forth to the End, where *Faction's* ſelf was ſeated;
When as the blear-ey'd Hag ſtar'd half aghaſt,
Til lowly louting, her by Name he greeted,
And with ſmooth glozing Speech full fain intreated:
Hail! Mother dear, (quoth he) advize your Son,
How mine and thy drad Foe may be defeated,
Who all our Councils has long ſince foredon,
Ne knows Tyrannick Powre, nor dreads Oppreſſion.

14.

The Cauſe of all our Sorrows is, to weet,
A Warrior Maid, fair *Britomartis* hight;
Who with her ebon Lance and Courſer fleet,
Has done to Death full many a *Paynim* Knight:
And with her eke there wons a valiant Wight,
Harden'd thro magick Spell, bold *Talus* nam'd,
Full ſtout of Courage, and of paſſing Might;
Who with his whirling Brondiron erſt has tam'd
Ten times ten thouſand *Paynims*, as abroad is fam'd.

15.

Their mighty Proweſs, and chaſt Virtue loud,
Thro all the Land of *Faery* reſounds;
Their pious Lore draws the attentive Crowd,
And our Devices all at once confounds;
So much true Goodneſs more than Vice abounds.
To chear the drooping Sprites of Men diſtreſt,
Their flowing Juſtice thro the World redounds;
Succour they bring to all by Powre oppreſt;
That happy Coaſt where-ere they bearen Rule is bleſt.

16.

Like as clear *Thamis* from his Silver Urn
Pours forth the Streams of Plenty ſpreading wide,
And ſheds Abundance when he doth upturn
The Sacred Fountain of his ſwelling Tide,
Whiles his rich Waves adown the Lee do glide;
The neighbour Hills, beſpred with ſhady Wood,
Survey the fruitfull Vales along his Side;
The Swain, that whilom on his Margin ſtood
In ſecret Pleaſance wrapt, beheld his Chryſtal Flood.

17.

Thus he with glaſſy Smoothneſs fil'd his Tung,
As well the envious Hag he mote enrage;
For ſuch Report her inly Heartſtrings wrung,
And braſt her bitter Gall with tenfold Rage:
Who *Faction's* Wrath, once kindled, can aſſwage?
So rolling round her bloody-glaring Eyes,
With Horrour fraught, ſhe fixt them on the *Sage*,
And ſtamm'ring out her Words with wild Surprize,
Her diveliſh Plot in foltring Speech ſhe gan avize.

18.

Too well (quoth ſhe) dear Offspring, I perceive
How theſe our mortal Foes have gain'd of late;
For-thy my Life with Rancour ſore doth grieve,
My joyleſs Hours I ſpend in loathly Hate,
Yet they nathleſs continue fortunate:
All-be my Curſes multiplied in Store,
Yet they enjoy ſecure a happy Fate;
My vexed Sprite with Malice I engore,
Yet they nathleſs in Glory flouriſh more and more.

19.

Such Worth in young *Alcides* ſhone of old,
As Poets, witty-fabling, do invent,
Who in his infant Cradle greatly bold,
With grappling Squeez and ſturdy Hardiment,
The Serpent's fell Deſpight did erſt prevent:
And after, by his Stepdame *Juno* croſt,
Yet nould his val'rous Sprite at all relent;
But roſe the more he was by Dangers toſt,
Til in the Firmament a Star he was emboſt.

20.

There late the *Red-Croſs Knight* with Bliſs was crown'd,
Who came from *Belgia* to the *Britiſh* Shore,
And gain'd a Name in matchleſs Arms renown'd,
For that he drave from thence a fierce wild Boar,
Whoſe deadly Tusks foamed with frothy Gore:
In vain my plotting Imps oppos'd his Might,
Darting forth foul Reproache; he nathemore
Was dampt, but like ſome Star's empearcing Light,
Shone clearer thro that Veil of black malicious Night.

21.

And now, ſith *Britomart* hath wexed ſtrong,
Whom valiant *Talus* guides thro ev'ry Plain,
I lenger muſt perforce enduren Wrong,
And waſt my wretched Age in doleful Strain,
Still envying: Envy is at beſt but Pain.
Yet ſooth one more Device I needs would try,
That reſtleſs burns within my heated Brain,
Which may perchance them doen both to dy,
If aided by thy Art and preſent Induſtry.

22.

Merlin thou knewſt, (who *Merlin* did not know?)
That near *Cayr-Merdin* whilom wont to dwell;
He all in magick Arts did far out-go,
And Fate of Empires wiſely could foretell,
When-ſo he did conſult within his Cell:
His learned Skill ſurpaſt my ſecret Powre,
And marr'd my ſtrongeſt Charms, tho brocht in Hell;
When-ere my Crafts I wrought, in that ſame Hour
His mighty Wit eftſoons my Purpoſe could diſcou'r.

23.

Therewith to *Britomart* great Love he bore,
And ſtrengthen'd *Talus* with continual Ayd,
With Puiſſance inſpiring evermore
The doughty Courage of that Martial Mayd,
Where-with ſhe aye her *Paynim* Foes affray'd:
Withall, a Wand about him he did bear,
By which his wary Steps he ſtill upſtay'd,
That other none mought with this ſame compare;
So far it did excell in Vertues ſtrange and rare.

24.

This, when he died, five wicked Imps of mine,
Which thou, my Dearling, ſecretly didſt lead,
Did from th' expiring Sage's Side purloin,
And thro the ſilent Realms of Night convey'd:
By this, if ought my Foreſight can aread,
Thy inmoſt Thoughts, tho black and deep as Hell,
May with Succeſs and happy Chance proceed;
For never Knight ſo hardy ſate in Sell,
Toucht with its thrilling Point, but down eftſoons he fell.

25.

And theſe Intents the better to diſguiſe,
Thy feigned Perſon trim with holy Weeds,
As thy diſſembling Heart may well deviſe,
Like *Pilgrim* ſad aye counting ore thy Beeds,
As one that mourneth for his ſinfull Deeds:
There-to a Scrip I'll give, full fraught with Store
Of Bribery, which ſervile Baſeneſs breeds;
The ſame thy mighty Sire old *Mammon* bore,
And great Atchievements wrought, when-ſo he liſt, of yore.

26.

Als your Diſcourſe with Humbleſs meek prepare
Of ſainted *Popes* and *Dirges* to invent,
And eke a Crucifix aſide you wear,
Whiles the World's Sins you loudly do lament,
And call unthinking Mortals to repent:
So the rude Vulgar, who ſtill judgen Wrong,
An Angel will you deem from Heaven ſent,
Or one who heavenly Angels live emong,
Tho born in Hell, where *Goblins* ever-damned throng.

27.

Like as the Fox who under Fryar's Cowl,
Moſt Treachour-like ſpreads forth his colour'd Guile,
And in religious Cant with whining Houl
Diſplays his wicked Gins whereby to ſpoil
The ſeely Geeſe, who liſtning all the while
Around the Faytour gaze in heedleſs wize,
He at their Simpleneſs doth inly ſmile,
Til, fitteſt time awaiting, on he ſties,
And to his hungry Cubbs bears off the cackling Prize.

28.

Ah Mother dear, the *Wizard* then replied,
Right well I wote that you have ſpoken trew;
Your high Behеſts ſhall duly be ſupplied,
Yet ſt ill one troublous Thought my Soul doth rew,
And with a ſickly Cold my Sprite embew.
Gramercy (cries the Hag) unlade thy Mind,
And anxious Jealouſy to me forth-ſhew;
No ſtinging Care ſo deadly ere was tin'd,
But it to quell, my Powre ſome Medicine could find.

29.

There is (quoth he) a valiant Stranger Knight,
Who late to War 'gainſt *Paynim* Troops forth-rode,
Of mickle Fame, and *Arthegall* he hight,
Whoſe Proweſs is far knowen all abrode,
As tho he were ſome mighty Demigod:
He whilom did eſpouſe fair *Britomart*,
And will emongſt the *Britons* make Abode;
Thereto he is of ſo courageous Heart,
As well may mar our Plots, and baffle all our Art.

30.

At this the Hag with frowning Visage lowr'd,
And threw aslope her fiery burning Eyne,
By which her grated Sprite she plain discour'd;
And shall I then (she cried) at last resign
The fair Pretence, by which young *Sans Foy* mine
Does of that Golden Crown Possession claim;
Where he hath promis'd to erect my Shrine,
And blow the Sound of *Faction's* dreaded Name
From the loud Trump eterne of never-dying *Fame*.

31.

Go to, my *Archimago*, we must back
The *Paynim* Forces with our timely Aid;
For well I weet their Arms begin to slack,
And wonted Courage is nigh grown affraid,
Ne lenger can in Battail be upstaid,
Unless with guilefull Arts our impish Crew
Can part Sir *Arthegall* from that bold Maid
Who doth our weaker *Paynims* hack and hew,
And in their precious Blood her warlike Hands embrew.

 32. Thine

32.

Thine be the Care, and thine the glorious Meed,
To raiſe the *Paynim* Powre in *Faery* Land;
Ne doubt I but this great ennobling Deed
Hath been reſerv'd for your prevailing Hand,
So well my deep Deſigns you underſtand:
And may I ſee thee, like *Ambition*, riſe,
Thy Brother, whoſe proud Height may not be ſcann'd;
Who towres beyond poor Mortal's feeble Eyes,
And ſhoots his loftly Head above the ſtarry Skies.

33.

Thus boaſting big, the loathſom Creature ſpoke,
With heaving Breaſt high-ſwoln with inly Pride;
For well ſhe dempt her Gall to have ywroke
On thoſe fair Knights whom thus ſhe had deſide;
Yet they more goodly ſtill, were magnifide.
Th' Enchaunter then forth-beck'ning, on ſhe led
To a vaſt boundleſs Plain out-ſpreaden wide,
Wherein a ſteepy Mountain rais'd its Head,
So ſlippery, that none mought on it ſafely tread.

34. Yet

34.

Yet many to up-climb it vainly strove,
Swinking and sweating with their utmost Might;
The lowest catching aye at those above,
For cankring Envy and foul-bred Despight;
The highest aye their Malice to requight,
Perforce endeavour'd still to keep them down;
So each against the other wont to fight,
That whiles their Rancour mutually was shown,
Many came tumbling headlong from their Places thrown.

35.

Like as *Æolides* by justest Doom,
For unjust Robberies erst by him done,
Sentenc'd beneath Hell's dark and drearfull Gloom,
Upheaves a heavy vast unwieldy Stone,
Distraining his tough Nerves with many a Groane:
Soon as upon the Top he doth it view,
(So Fate ordains) his Labour is foredone;
The wicked Stone, which knows its Lesson trew,
Rolls quick adown the Hill, his Trouble to renew.

36. So

36.

So they inceſſant did renew their Pain,
And weary Steps withouten Stint applied;
Yet all their Labour proved but in vain,
Eftſoons they tumbled down the ſlipp'ry Side,
Or, ere they reach'd the Top, with Travel died.
Thus all who ſtrive by foul inglorious Ways
To tread the arduous Paths of lawleſs *Pride*,
A laſting Name of Infamy do raiſe,
And far away accurſt, miſpend their hateſull Days.

37.

Yet, on the upmoſt Top, at farthest Ken,
Full near the Cieling of the vaulted Sky,
An hideous Wight, far paſſing living Men,
In lofty Stature, was exalted high;
The *Emblem* true of empty Surquedry.
He ſtood upon the Rock's moſt ſpiring Clift,
Whoſe over-bearing Weight inclin'd awry;
That, if perchance he fallen had a-drift,
It would have bruis'd his Corſe, and Skull in ſunder rift.

38. In

38.

In gorgeous Purple Robes he was arrayd,
Lightly orecaſt with ſpotted Ermine;
And ſtreaming Silver thro his Veſture play'd,
Entrail'd with various Flowres of gilden Twine,
Spreading their Branches like a mantling Vine.
Thus aye, as tho he ſeem'd to fall, he hung,
And gazing up with wiſhfull longing Eyne,
His miſcreated Arms aloft he flung,
And ſtill, as tho he caught at ſomewhat, upward ſprung.

39.

On either Hand, cloſe clinging by his ſide,
Two grieſly *Villeins* did his Steps upſtay;
And, as he ſlipt, they evermore did guide
His trembling Feet along the doubtfull Way,
Leſt the ſmooth Surface mote him foul bewray.
The one was *Guile* in party-colour'd Cloak,
Who to him did his crafty Sleights diſplay;
He one thing meant, yet ſtill another ſpoke,
And ſhrowded all his Face in Fumes of pitchy Smoak.

40.

The other was a Wretch of pallid Hue,
With Eyes diſtraught and ſtaring all aghaſt;
Whoſe riven Heart did ſorely ſeem to rue,
And groaning threw forth Sobs and Sighings faſt,
As if with piercing Grief it were nigh braſt:
Deſpair he called was, and did adviſe
His Lord *Ambition* down himſelf to caſt;
Saying Death cures all this World's Maladies:
So 'twixt *Guile* and *Deſpair* wretched *Ambition* lies.

41.

Thrice wretched Man! whom nor *Guile* can ſuſtain,
So difficult the Path he treads upon;
Nor foul *Deſpair* perſuade to cure his Pain,
When once his wicked Courſe he hath begun;
For and his Head a Gallows over-run,
To which an hempen Rope, full ſtrongly tied,
About his Caytive Neck ſo cloſe was done,
That it his noozed Wezon would aggride,
When-ſo he did attempt adown the Hill to ſlide.

42.

Loe, *Faction* cried, behold thy Brother dear,
On the proud Throne of Glory mounted high;
To which his due Deserts have him whilere
Prefer'd, and decked with true Majesty,
The Meed of All that with my Terms comply:
Nor difficult the Way, ne hard to find,
That toward *Ambition*'s lofty Seat doth ly;
Whoso to my Behests is well inclin'd,
Into their wished Port shall sail with Tide and Wind.

43.

Nor Thee, my Son, for such great Enterprise
Unmeet I ween, with native Cunning bold;
Ne booteth it thee lenger to advise,
Long since endu'd with Wisdom manifold,
And now in magick Studies growen old.
Thy vow'd Despight persue with well-known Art,
And once conceived Resolution hold;
For-thy no Cure can quell my grieving Smart,
Til some destroying Powre hath seized *Britomart*.

44.

She ſpoke; and with her foul infectious Tung
Spet ſecret Venom, which down-ſinking low,
The Treachour's Heart with rankling Poiſon ſtung;
Which from her diveliſh Mouth ſhe did out-throw,
The Source of Evils and the Fount of Wo:
Thus ſhe his fell malicious Rage did whet,
And into Flames his kindling Anger blow.
In an accurſed Hour accurſt they met;
God help the Man who falls un'wares into their Net!

45.

As when the Cottage Dame from ſparkling Match
Hath chanc'd to ſhed ſome little Corn of Fire,
It ſmouldring lies within the ſtrawy Thatch,
And choak'd with its own Fumes doth nigh expire;
Til ſtormy *Boreas*, with loud bluſtring Ire,
Up-blowing from his Subterranean Caves,
Fans with ſtrong Blaſt the Flames wide-flaking dire;
Then powerfully roll the fiery Waves,
And thro the crackling Roof prevailing *Vulcan* braves.

46.

Thus with tranſporting Rage his Breaſt ſhe fir'd,
And rak'd the Embers of fell Diſcontent,
That with empoys'ning Malice all inſpir'd,
He long'd to act his miſchievous Intent,
On which his evil Mind long ſince was bent:
So, nought gainſaying the dread *Hag's* Command,
With low Obeyſance louting, forth he went,
And back with Speed return'd, in either Hand
Bearing great *Mammon's* Scrip, and *Merlin's* Sacred Wand.

47.

O'er lofty Hills, low Dales, and Foreſts wide,
The Magick Wight his aery Courſe did ſteer,
Til to a Wood, down by a River's ſide,
By chance he hath at length approched near;
Where to his Sight *Dueſſa* did appear;
A loathſom, filthy and abhorred Creature,
Who ſeem'd as Brimſtone did her Viſage ſear,
Or like ſome Hell-bred Fiend by Birth and Nature,
With Boils and Blotches red ſo purpled was her Feature.

48.

This ugly *Witch*, as you have whilom read,
To Ladies true had vow'd fell Enmity,
And eke to many Knights of *Maidenhead*
Had brought Diſtreſs and doubtful Jeopardy,
Or branded with the Marks of Infamy:
And now, beneath the dusky Shades of Night,
To Sorceries her ſelf ſhe did apply;
Whilſt the chaſt Moon wheel'd low her paled Light,
And ſeem'd to fly with trembling Haſte and wild Affright.

49.

Yborn of mean and lowly Parentage,
To ſhine in *Faery* Court ſhe did aſpire,
And by the Crafts of guilefull *Archimage*
Had whilom hop'd to win her fond Deſire.
He now gan ſly her helliſh Form admire,
And ſubtly caſt about in ſecret wize,
With ſeeming Love, her wicked Charms to hire;
That ſo he mought her diveliſh Will entiſe
To further with her Art his hardy Enterprize.

50.

And ſith ſhe was vain, proud, and fickly frail,
She high conceited of her Beauty grew;
So *Archimage* did eaſily prevail
That ſhe to *Glaucè* would her ſelf tranſmew,
And like become in Feature, Shape, and Hew;
So like ſhe ſeem'd, that *Britomart*, who well
Her own true Nurſe, her faithfull *Glaucè* knew,
Could not from her the falſe *Daeſſa* tell,
So for Companion took this griesfull Imp of Hell.

51.

Alack therefore for Miſery and Woe!
Which ſhall befall the Babes as yet unborn,
Sith *Britomartis'* foul envenom'd Foe
May chance to leave their Country all forlorn,
Waſtfully made the cruel Victor's Scorn:
Widows and Orphans into Thraldom led,
Shall then their Kindred ſlain lament and mourn,
And all in bitter Slav'ry eat their Bread;
Hard Task for free-born Souls! they liefer had be dead.

52. But

52.

But heavenly Love, far paſſing human Thought,
To ſuff'ring Goodneſs ſends a ſure Reprief,
Is ever true to Juſtice, and unſought,
For injur'd Innocence provides Relief.
The time may come, when this bold bloody Thief
Shall be rewarded for his Merits due;
And as in Villanies he now is chief,
May in eternal Torments chiefly rue,
When Death's more powreful Mace his Body ſhall ſubdue.

53.

Whoſo is brought to the Infernal Bar,
His crafty Sleights ſhall little then avail;
Juſt *Rhadamanth* will ſoon all Treaſons mar,
And make each guilefull Soul to quake and quail:
As when a ſudden Showre of rattling Hail,
Up-driven by the *South's* tumultuous Blaſt,
Some Grove of quiv'ring Aſpines doth aſſayl,
The tender Leaves ſore ſmitten tremble faſt,
And whiſper out their Fears, the whiles the Storm doth laſt.

54

At length the Morning Dawn gleams thro the Sky,
And the gray Twilight in the *East* appears:
The Wizard with his Witch muſt homeward hie,
Whom from the dewy Earth he lightly rears,
And in his magick Coach triumphant bears.
So letten we this Pair together wend,
Our Dolour's Spring, and Cauſe of all our Fears;
And now, ſith toward the Day-Spring it doth tend,
Where Morning doth begin, my Song may fitly end.

55

FINIS.